

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC HERALD

TEN WEEKS, TEN CENTS.
NO PAPER SENT ON CREDIT.

A JOURNAL OF THE COMING CIVILIZATION

ONE YEAR, 50 CENTS.
IN CLUBS OF 3, FOR \$1.25

SIXTH YEAR,
NUMBER 10.
Whole Number,
257

A SPECULATIVE TRUST.

THE SHIP COMBINE ALREADY IN DISTRESS AND
ONLY A WAR CAN SAVE IT.

The "International Mercantile Marine Company," otherwise known as the "ship-trust," is having all kinds of troubles. One component part of it, the American Ship-building Company, is now in the hands of the receiver. The "trust-trust" will try to derive consolation from this failure of the ship-trust, but their hopes that all trusts will fail, must prove futile. First, the International Mercantile Marine Company was never a solid corporation like some of the other trusts—it was rather in the nature of a "company" or "syndicate" which is managed by a "board."

Last week there was the first break in the contract. And the break is due to the changes in an agreement with the Cunard Line. The compact between the International Mercantile Marine Company and the Cunard Line provided that the British lines should have all the British and Scandinavian business. The Cunard Company then secured a large share of the Scandinavian business and was satisfied with its bargain until the Scandinavian-American Line entered the field and cut off a share. Becoming dissatisfied with what was left, the Cunard Company now decided to withdraw from the North Atlantic Conference, by which that part of the great international ship-trust is known.

With this trouble arises from competition in the steamer passenger traffic, there is also a trouble brewing in the cabin-passenger and the freight trade, due to an overproduction of ships. In short it looks like the beginning of the end for the International Mercantile Marine Company, which did not grow up as a natural consequence and necessity, but is simply a trust made by speculation for speculation.

As is well-known, the great American trust-maker, J. Pierpont Morgan, not long ago founded the "International Mercantile Marine Company." This was hailed with the greatest joy by those American newspapers which otherwise are "anti-trust." The great Morgan had accomplished his masterpiece, he had united the United States with a mighty commercial and passenger fleet, which it had long craved, and for which, according to the Frye Ship Subsidy bill, it was willing to sacrifice a good sum of money. Now they had the merchant fleet gratis. Morgan was a great patriot.

After a time however the matter took a different turn. Nothing in the trust was "American" except the charter from New Jersey and those ships which were American before. These were not many. Moreover two of these in the meantime came into port miserably disabled, and people began to seriously consider whether they should trust their dear lives to the ships of the trust. But at last the English government made certain stipulations which seemed to it the use of the English ships of the trust in case of war; and the trust was constrained to grant these conditions, since otherwise the English government would have subsidized independent ship companies in order to supply themselves with better and faster ships than those of the trust. The English ships of the trust, moreover, carried the English flag, and the German companies did not join the trust at all, but only worked in "harmony" with it at times.

All this was not especially cheering from the American standpoint. Yet this might have been born. But the aim of the trust had by no means been fulfilled. This was the raising of the freight and passenger rates. The latter has been raised somewhat, but this would have taken place even without the trust. The trans-Atlantic steamship lines had long formed a combination and fixed passenger rates. That they would not take advantage of the "prosperity" of the United States, which carries a throng of tourists out and a throng of immigrants in, was not to be expected.

The freight business turned out still worse. Ship-building has flourished in the last few years as never before. The impulse of it was given by war, by the war in the Pacific and the Chinese wars. The English sent an immense number of troops and an immense mass of supplies to South Africa, and for the English a great many English ships. The "allies" in like manner had a great deal to transport, and the United States also not a little and to a great extent. The use of merchant ships for purposes of war left a great gap which the shipbuilders hastened to fill, and since they built as rapidly as possible, there was an "over-production" of ships. In the year 1901 ships were built with a total tonnage of 2,763,285 tons, in 1902 with 2,032,133. Within three years, the fleets of the world, reckoned by tons, have increased by nearly one-fourth.

However, this extraordinary demand for ships has ceased, for a moment there is no war, and the competition among the ship-owners has become sharp. There is yet at present no exclusive right of way on the ocean, so that Morgan has no monopoly in it, but he can control all the ship-yards of the world. However he has bought his trust-ships at war prices, and therefore it looks as if the trust must naturally get into trouble. It finds itself just in the fatal position of being obliged to continually build more ships, in order not to lose the passenger traffic, since the English companies which have remained independent also do this, and the wealthy tourists insist on crossing in the swiftest and most luxuriously appointed ships, cost what it will. Hence the trust has not built twelve ships of 10,000 to 12,000 tons. This will further increase the "over-production."

No doubt the trust magnates fervently pray to God, for they are all good Catholics, for one or several beneficial wars of the sort where many soldiers and supplies must be transported for quite long distances, and the belligerents are pretty good pay. Of the 80 million dollars which England spent for the last war, the ship-owners surely received a considerable part, and the indirect profit, through the general rise in freight rates, was still greater. It seems that capitalism on water needs such a war, if it does not wish to experience a crash.

There being no such war in sight, the American Shipbuilding Company at last was bound to fail.

I am not prepared to predict the outcome of the trouble for the ship-trust. I can only say that the transportation industry will sooner or later be "trustified." But such a trust, if it is to be the natural outcome of capitalism—the result of the evolution of all industry.

Victor L. Berger.

The dispatches tell us that "an appalling lot of hoodlums" has just been uncovered in the Missouri legislature. Following on the heels of the prosecutions in St. Louis, this is interesting. The St. Louis Trust Company paid out \$150,000. The Royal Baking Powder Company, the Book Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Tobacco Trust, and other corporations made up of the flower of our "successful" American citizenship are all down for various large amounts. Our successful capitalists are such lion-on-a-b-le-mans. Only common working drudges do wrong, you know!

If a ship full of people sails out to sea with provisions for all when carefully apportioned out, and if we should be shipwrecked upon it after it had been sailing awhile and should find that a few were using up daily provisions they really needed, it would be a moral certainty, wouldn't it that the others were not getting enough? Apply the same logic to society today, and what do you find? You find that the few are using up life and all that it means without looking farther than their own belly. And then they would prove this to every multimillionaire who would be bound to be many times as rich as they are. From the point of view of the poor, without looking farther than their own belly, they are bound to be many times as rich as they are.

Society is an organism, same as the human body is. It can be put out of business, same as a human being can, by having one part of it become rotten. Extremes of rich and poor in society is as dangerous as extremes of health and ill-health in the human animal.

When they read you the Declaration of Independence this Fourth of July just pay particular attention to what it says about the "consent of the governed," and the duty of the people to abolish governments that become oppressive. Not this government alone, but all ruling class governments on the earth are oppressive, even where the people have the ballot. Political liberty is a hollow mockery, unless it is fortified with economic liberty. It isn't any pleasanter to starve to death in a republic than in a monarchy. So long as the workers who make the wealth do not own it, they are not free.

The significance of the great German victory grows as the fresher news comes in. The effect of the great Social Democratic victory there will have a widespread influence on the revolutionary movement throughout Europe, and even America gets new inspiration from it—and it is America, you know, that is going to be the first continent to have Socialism, the German leaders themselves being of this opinion. This is because capitalism is farthest developed here and will be the sooner ready for the socializing process, according to the laws of evolution.

The way some of the preachers sympathize with the "poor laboring man" in his efforts to get out of the pit of poverty and the depths of degradation, is very nicely shown by a recent occurrence in Chicago, where a number of priests and ministers undertook to act as a board of arbitration in a dispute between the stockyard engineers and their employers over hours and wages. The clerical bunch very soberly decided that the men were worth 30 cents an hour to their masters—and then still more soberly charged up their own time at the rate of \$21 an hour!! If this doesn't show what they think of labor, what does? The men asked for 37 cents an hour, but these men of the mock and lowly Jesus thought they were doing a humane and religious duty when they made them look like thirty cents! "Servants, obey your masters," is the sum and substance of their gospel for the working man, and yet they indignantly deny that they are owned body and soul by capitalism.

While the workers of every land are rejoicing and taking heart at the magnificent victory of the German Social Democrats and while even capitalism is becoming uneasy over the portent of that victory, it remains for the editor of the Bakers' Journal to tell his readers that it is a mere "paper victory," and to indulge in a lot of contemptible sarcasm over the three millions of votes and the gain of 81 seats in the German parliament. He would have his readers believe that Social Democracy has done nothing for the German workingman, whereas quite the contrary is the case, else the German voters would not flock in such increasing numbers to the standard of the Socialists. The plain naked truth is that the industrial workers in Germany work under better conditions than the workers in this country of Yankee brag. They are not so hurried through the work day, the sanitary conditions are better and the Socialists have in every way forced capitalism to give them better conditions. This we have from workmen who have come to this country from Germany. The current issue of the American Federationist tells of the new child labor law enacted by the late reichstag "which removes some of the worst features of child labor." Does any sane man believe that such laws would be passed if there were no Social Democratic movement to force the issue. And does anyone doubt that there would be a genuine eight hour law passed by Congress if the working people sent a lot of Socialist congressmen to Washington, instead of merely maintaining an expensive labor lobby there?

The quickest way in which the deplorable conditions that exist in the baker's trade in this country will be wiped out or toned down will be when we Socialists begin to get into power in the municipalities. But beside this, every sincere member of the baker unions, except he has some secret capitalistic interest, will welcome the growth of Social Democracy in this country as one of the most powerful allies of trade unionism that could possibly come upon the stage of events.

If you believe honestly that it is a good thing for the people to have a few families enormously rich and a vast number of others in sore straits just keep on giving your sanction to the capitalist parties. It is your privilege. It is also your right to put before you a true view of the situation, so that you cannot plead the excuse of not knowing what you were about.

There is one trust that Hearst does not fight: the Hearst newspaper trust.

This is a plutocratic republic, not a democratic one. Just rub this into your head, if you please!

In this country, which brags of its superiority over anything else on the face of the globe, it is money that makes respectability. How much respectability do you possess?

Postmaster Gen. Payne will take a short rest and WILL SPEND THE TIME WITH RAILWAY PRESIDENT ROSWELL MILLER AT HIS LODGE IN THE KATSKILLS. Don't you see who is in control of the government, Mr. Worker?

A man who lives in a cloud scraping flat spoke to us the other day about "his home!" The average middle class city man doesn't know what it is to have a home, in the full meaning of that term. A cage up in the air is not a home, by any means.

National Secretary Mailly of the Socialist party is compiling a list of all the men elected to office in this country on the Socialist ticket, to show the people the way the wind is blowing. It will make a formidable list.

Comrade Julius Vahlteich, former secretary to Ferdinand Lasalle, and one of the eight men who organized the Social Democratic party in Germany, has just left this country for Leipzig, where he will take part in the Socialist jubilee. Latterly Comrade Vahlteich has been a resident of New York City, but for many years he was a Chicagoan, having moved there shortly after his banishment from his native land.

Some years ago the plute press sounded the people cautiously to see how they would take the idea of turning the postal system over to a private contracting company. If there hasn't been a deliberate effort on the part of the capitalistic political interests to make the system seem like a failure under government ownership, it at least looks very much like it.

And all this time they were telling us it was because the government carried newspaper mail at a loss that they could not afford to reduce the letter rate from 2 to 1 cent. And the real reason was because the country's slick political rascals were stealing it almost bankrupt! But then, we must have the capitalists to show us how to run things, the working class are so stupid, don'tcher know!

And yet in spite of all the rascality that was going on under the surface our postal system has been a wonderful thing. Considering the nature and the urgency of much of the mail entrusted to it, people have done mighty little kicking. They have grumbled at the extortions and delays of the telephone, express and other privately owned utilities, but nary a kick about the socialistically owned post office system. If socialist things do so well under rascally capitalistic management, we need not borrow trouble worrying for fear Socialism will not work when capitalistic control is a thing of the past.

Now Detroit has just joined the big procession of cities that are trying to escape from the rascalities of the capitalist politicians. The town is said to have the same kind of rottenness as was uncovered in St. Louis, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, New York, etc., etc., etc. Who's to blame? The workingman—no one else. He has the great preponderance of ballots, and as he votes, so goes the election. Let the workers decide that this country shall be governed in the interests of the people who toil—who are the only ones that deserve consideration—and the capitalists, through their creatures, the politicians, will lose their grip on the country.

Below are given the remarkable figures of the first balloting in Berlin, Germany. The Socialists carried every district but one, getting big majorities over all other parties combined. The figures are taken from Vorwaerts of Berlin:

Districts	Social Dem.	All others
I. Dr. Leo Arons	5,315	7,524
II. Richard Fischer	34,920	28,723
III. Wolfgang Heine	15,125	10,911
IV. Paul Singer	67,865	20,711
V. Richard Schmidt	14,581	10,276
VI. George Ledebour	78,662	32,491

216,448 = 109,738

Samuel Gompers has entered the lists against Clarence Darrow who recently gave the press a criticism of organized labor. Gompers, it must be confessed, shows that Darrow was talking about something he knew little about.

The patriots of 1776 did their duty, we should do ours. They put their minds on the bad conditions that existed in their day and went radically at the root of the trouble, abolishing kingcraft and laying the foundation for further extensions of liberty for the masses. We are cowards indeed if we do not put our minds on present problems and make those further extensions in accordance with the economic light that has come to us since 1776. What the capitalists want is that we should worship the patriots of 1776 and neglect to be patriots ourselves.

The Germany leaders urged the people to vote red, and they voted red! Think of Saxony with all but one of its representatives in the reichstag Social Democrats! No wonder Bebel says Saxony is a red kingdom. And think of the five-fold increase at Essen, as an answer to the emperor's attempt to tell the Krupp workers how to vote!

There were some Yankee political methods injected into the German elections, but it was the capitalists who did the trick, of course. Sensational political lawsuits are promised, some of the defeated men claiming that the kaiser's crowd spread false reports about their transactions during the campaign. Kaiserism in Germany is capitalism, and capitalism the world over is essentially dishonest.

On the first of the present month a tornado swept over the state of Georgia and among other things crushed to the ground a cotton mill at Gainesville. We take these names from the partial list of dead: Mrs. J. Camp and BABY, Mrs. O. Pass and LITTLE SON, Mrs. Bryan and LITTLE SON, Mrs. Janice Ledford and BABY, TWO CHILDREN of H. L. Phillips, and so on. This proves the charges as to child and girl labor in the Southern cotton mills, which, by the way, are largely owned by our American aristocracy in New England! Baby bones being coined into capital for our worthless rich to luxuriate on. It is thus that the rich white trash of the North is making profitable use of what they used to call the "poor white trash" of the South.

A little incident in connection with the post office scandals again shows where labor stands in a capitalist government which even depends on labor votes for its chance to control. Some time ago a labor delegation called on the postal authorities to protest against blank-book contracts being given a certain crowd of capitalists. The committee was passed along to Third Asst. P. M. Gen. Madden, the ex-labor leader, and the matter was smothered. The capitalists got the contract and now comes the disclosure that the work has been done with baby labor, just as the laborites claimed. Congressman Sibley and other national legislators were beneficiaries of the contract! Now, Mr. Worker, don't you see where you are at? See what you are doing for your class when you cast an old party capitalist ballot? And you cast it for what? Simply to make yourself feel that you are too good to stand shoulder to shoulder with your fellow workers—isn't that about the size of it!

A very good picture of government by capitalism is being presented in Minneapolis. The belongings of the poorer people—those who experience the most fearful struggle for existence—is being confiscated by the aid of riot guns in the hands of deputy sheriffs, thus allowing the people to reap what they have been sowing these many years when they voted capitalist tickets. It serves them right, perhaps, but O! it is a fearful thing. The people wouldn't vote for Socialism because they believed the capitalist spouters who told them Socialism meant confiscation of property! The present trouble centers round a clean sweep by tax gatherers of delinquent taxes. Instances are shown where poor women have been taxed \$60 on their household goods and an additional \$60 as a penalty for failure to pay the tax when due. With characteristic brutality the capitalist city government is sending out the deputies with vans and they take everything moveable they can lay their hands on, taking the property by force and carting it away, leaving some of the little homes completely stripped. How our patriotic gizzards contract with indignation when we read of evictions in Ireland. Such things couldn't happen in this land of the free, O! no!

An old friend has reappeared. It is now stated by the capitalist press that the Social Democratic party of Germany is on the eve of a split. That is a pretty long eye, for we have been getting this "news" regularly ever since the party in that country began to march toward ultimate victory.

Class-Conscious Courts.

EUGENE V. DEBS PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO
CAPITALISM'S SOILED ERMINE.

THAT THE COURT of law is administered in the interest of the capitalist class as against the working class is one of the self-evident facts of modern society.

It is of course conceded that now and then the workers get the benefit of a decision of no consequence and that on occasion even a case of seeming importance is decided in their favor, but this signifies little, as we shall see, and does not impeach the integrity of the general proposition.

Class rule is the fruit of class government and class government is based upon class ownership of productive capital or private property in the sources and means of production.

Class rule of course implies class society and a class struggle. The class in power in modern civilized nations, the capitalists, rule in their own interest and to this end the courts, the army and navy, the militia and police, the school and church, in short, all departments of government and all social institutions are simply the branches and offshoots of the tree of capitalism that is rooted in class ownership of the resources of life.

With the regularity and precision of clock-work the "decisions" and "opinions" are ticked off and "handed down" by the courts to protect the interests and serve the purposes of the ruling class. This does not mean that judges are any more venal or corrupt than other men, but simply that like the hands of the clock they respond with automatic regularity to the machinery that controls their movements.

The lower courts, dependent directly upon the popular vote, are moved to vary the program with an occasional "glad hand" to labor, but if there is any substance in such an "od" decision it is quickly snatched away by the supreme court, to which it is always appealed in the full confidence that the higher tribunal, far above the sway of popular passion, will quickly set aside the ruling of the inferior court, that there may be no friction between the capitalist machine and its judicial functions.

The favorable decision below vindicates the integrity of the court and satisfies "the people," while the action of the higher court safeguards the interests of the ruling class; and so all is serene and the fleeing of the workers, legally sanctioned, continues as before.

The Kansas man, asked about the prohibition law in that state, said it worked like a charm. Said he: "The prohibitionists have the law and the other fellows have the whiskey; what more do you want?"

In the meantime the press, the politicians and the preachers, the triple echo of the ruling class, roll their eyes heavenward and thank God for preserving the sanctity of our courts, the safeguard of the Republic.

The confidence of the workers in the purity of the courts of their exploiting masters must under all circumstances remain unshaken. The subject is really too sacred to be questioned. The solemn judge in his spotless ermine must not be profaned by the vulgar lips of the common rabble; and he who is base enough to assail the sanctity of the "Bench" and question the infallibility of the wigs and gowns it shelters is guilty of treason and a menace to the country.

There is no greater sham, no more stupendous fraud than the alleged divinity of our present judicial institutions. Supported by the revenue wrung from the working class, they serve as instruments to keep that class in servile submission to their masters.

The stinging arraignment of Charles Sumner during the anti-slavery agitation, reciting the crimes of the courts in ancient as well as modern times, and showing that they had always been the bulwarks of tyranny and the obstructions of progress, is one of the classics of our language.

The courts, aye, the courts of the land must be held in reverence and awe by the workingmen who are shorn by them, or, at least, kept in law-abiding submission while the shearing is being done.

When the average workman is brought into the presence of a judge he approaches that august fetic with all the meekness and humility of a sinner at the bar of judgment.

An awful hush falls upon the scene. I have studied it closely, especially as the old bailiff, in convening the federal court, used to explain: "God saves this honorable court."

That settled it for the crowd and they scarcely breathed during the solemn rites of the farcial performance.

Judges are elected mainly by the serfs of the capitalist class. What sensible man expects them to do other than serve their masters, precisely as do the serfs who elected them at the behest of the same masters?

The recent decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals in the celebrated "Merger" proceeding has been exploited by the capitalist press as a great victory for the people. Roosevelt smiles and bows, the people applaud and throw up their hats, another term at the White House is insured and Jim Hill and Arch-bishop Ireland wink the other eye.

Will the anti-merger decision, which, by the way, is not yet final, as the supreme court has still to pass upon it, compel the Pacific roads to "compete" against each other and lower passenger rates and freight tariffs in the interest of the people?

Will not their owners co-operate in holding up the people just as if they were united under a single corporation title?

Of what possible interest is the decision to the working class who own no railroad shares and have no hand in the stockholders' game of freeze-out?

What crumb of comfort can they extract from this so-called crushing blow at corporate power?

Isn't it all blow and no crush?—fine bait to catch political suckers?

Every judge on the federal bench to-day district, circuit and supreme, with but a single exception, is a trained and successful corporation attorney, and instinctively subservient to corporate interests.

That exception is Henry Clay Caldwell, the last surviving appointment of President Lincoln, and he is a Socialist and has announced his determination to retire from the bench, I doubt not from scruples of integrity, for he is a pure and conscientious man.

And still, our trade union leaders, for the most part, sanction the labor lobby that hangs around the ragged edge of capitalistic legislation to beg like a mendicant for what it ought to command like a man; and when now and then it receives a legislative crumb, it is snatched away by the judicial tentacle of the capitalist devil-fish.

The supreme court of Indiana recently annulled the law providing for weekly payment of wages and also the law fixing a minimum wage in municipalities for city employees.

The corporations and capitalistic interests objected and that settles it. And yet the working class will elect the same legislature over and over again on the record they made as the "friends of Labor."

Yet another thing about the courts. The poor man—and most men are poor in the capitalist system; that is its distinguishable characteristic—the poor man is shut out as completely as if he were an outlaw. The lower court is open to him and that takes all the coin he can raise. If he wins, the case is appealed, and goes higher and higher until it is out of sight. The poor man is counted out in the first round. The corporations have their array of legal talent in court all the way up and all the time, and litigation is no extra expense to them.

Thousands of crippled railway employees who have had "good claims" under the statutes have been ground out of the judicial mill with nothing left but their mutilated crutch-propped bodies and their despair.

Workingmen, wake up! The time has come to open your eyes and see things as they are. You have been hoodwinked and robbed and enslaved long enough. Be a man and line up with your class in the great struggle for freedom. To train with the enemy, ignorantly or otherwise, as you have been doing, is treason to your fellow-man. To be the ally on election day of the class that lives out of your labor and holds you in contempt, is not only cowardly and contemptible, but criminal, and means death to your manhood and infamy to the name you bear.

The courts can be reached in just one way. The road is straight and it has no connection with any of the side tracks. The Socialist party unerringly points the way.

The courts to serve the people, must be made free and untrammelled tribunals, and this they can only become in a co-operative commonwealth, a republic in fact as well as in theory, and when that time comes courts will probably be in little demand and they will make up in purity and honor what they lose in prestige and power.

Terre Haute, Ind., June 20.

Eugene V. Debs

LABOR CAMEOS.

Arthur Chamberlain, a brother of Joseph Chamberlain, an chairman of Messrs. Kynochs, Limited, Birmingham, England, has introduced at the company's works and at four other places with which he is connected this system of the "living wage." Under this no workman unless in exceptional circumstances will receive less than 22 shillings a week. The number of men affected so far is between 200 and 300. Mr. Chamberlain explains that he has been led to fix on 22 shillings a week as the minimum by the figures given by Mr. S. Seeborn Rowntree in a recent lecture in Birmingham. Mr. Rowntree arrived at the conclusion that it was impossible for a workman to maintain himself, a wife and three children in a state of bare physical efficiency on a wage of less than 21s. 8d. per week. Mr. Chamberlain confines the operation of the scheme to workmen of all classes between the ages of twenty-two and fifty-four. Bachelors have not been penalized by making increases apply only to family men.

Employers of skilled labor in all its branches are inclined to take the view that the problem of what to do with the aged employees is up to the unions. They say that some remedy should be suggested and acted upon at once. That there are many men who are still able to do first class work, but who on account of age or for other reasons are not able to perform the amount of labor that is expected from the ordinary workman and who are in consequence driven to seek odd jobs and other branches of employment that are not so remunerative, is a recognized fact among those who employ large bodies of workmen.—Chicago News.

Laws are not made for the great corporations. What a gain for the entire world if all dehumanized men should get out! We have means enough; we can do without capitalists who come among us and live on the blood of human beings. The cause of labor if rightly understood is the cause of humanity. What labor desires first of all is not charity, but justice.

We Americans are using up too rapidly the resources of nature, and we are using up too rapidly human lives. One of the greatest falsities of the age is that money is equivalent to human lives. The spirit of commercialism is sinking deeper and deeper into us. Whatever a man sets his heart on must increase or it ceases to satisfy him. What we need in America is a realization of spiritual ideas and the realization that the best things in life are not procured by money.—Bishop Spalding.

THE PROSPERITY-MAKERS; OR, THE TRAGEDY OF A MUSHROOM TOWN.

BY A WELL-KNOWN WRITER.



"Please don't!"—she began.

CHAPTER XVI.—In which Philip is rescued and returns ready for the final trick.

Sharpless was shrewd enough to see that he had hopelessly ruined his case with the late Scott, and he was wise enough to know that he would probably make matters worse by attempting to explain. He got away as soon as he could, followed to the threshold by the angry farmer, who continued to break the rails of his wrath over the lawyer's head as long as the latter was within hearing. After Sharpless had driven away, Duncan found that an explosion of anger does not always clear the mental atmosphere; and at a time when he felt the pressing need of a cool head and deliberate judgment, he could do nothing but walk the floor and call down anathemas upon the head of the offender. Believing no word of Sharpless' story, he yet had a vague fear that something was amiss with Thorndyke and he was glad enough when, late in the afternoon, Protheroe rode up to the farmhouse. Duncan's first question was of Philip.

"I supposed he was here; he hasn't been in town for two days. I came by the hotel and brought these letters, thinking that he might want them."

A great fear seized upon Duncan. "Robbie, man, are you sure he didn't go to New York this morn'g?"

"I don't think he did. They said at the hotel that he hadn't been in since day before yesterday, and they'd know it if he started on a journey this morn'g. Let me see those letters; no, he hasn't been there; most of these are postmarked yesterday."

Duncan's fear was dispelled, but a new one came thickly to take its place, and he began another battle with his invincible caution. Meanwhile Protheroe improved the silent interval by trying to learn from Elsie's face what she thought or cared about Thorndyke's disappearance. Much, every way, he concluded, when Duncan spoke again.

"Robbie, lad, the time's come when I'm in your need of good counsel. Ye winna lat yer place mak ye boggle over a bit o' advice?"

"With the town company, you mean? I discharged myself this morn'g; but if I hadn't it would make no difference where I could be of service to you."

"The guide Lord he thankit!" exclaimed Duncan, fervently; and then he proceeded to relate in their proper order the incidents in the history of Kilgrew's wrong and Thorndyke's quest, ending with an account of the attorney's visit to the farmhouse. Protheroe listened attentively, and he was ready with his answer when Duncan finished.

"Sharpless lied," he said. "Thorndyke wouldn't turn the case over to the company, nor would he abandon it just as he had got the whip hand of his opponents. They've spirited him out of the way so they can scare Kilgrew into a cheap settlement; and Sharpless came to you because he didn't know where to find the old mountaineer."

Protheroe spoke to Duncan, but he kept his eyes fixed upon the face of the young girl, who sat eagerly listening. He was trying another experiment in physiognomy, and the result was not altogether comforting.

"Ye dinna think they'd harm the lad, do ye?"

"I imagine it would depend upon circumstances. The object would be to get rid of him until they could treat with Kilgrew. You know Thorndyke better than I do; would he be likely to go peaceably?"

Duncan shook his head gravely. "Na, I'm thinkin' he wouldn't do that; he'd be mair than likely to gie 'em a deal o' trouble."

The experiment was a cruel one, but Protheroe continued it unflinchingly. "In that case you can judge for yourself by what was done day before yesterday. Sharpless is thoroughly unscrupulous; and Thorndyke could send him to the penitentiary. It's kidnapping at the best, and it may be something much worse."

The engineer found the result of his experiment and his own punishment in the expression of horror that crept over Elsie's face when his inference became plain. It hurt him more than he cared to admit.

All through the long summer, while Philip and Elsie were apparently journeying hand in hand along the road in which he had unselfishly set their feet, Protheroe had hugged his ideal, playing the heroic part of the high-minded lover who generously effaces himself in order that the object of his affections may be free to walk in a path of her own choosing. It was an unjoyous task, this that he had set himself, and he was humiliated by the conviction, repeated and emphasized every time he saw Elsie, that it gained nothing in gladness with the lapse of time. In such case, absence seemed to be the proper emollient; but when Duncan asked his help, he said nothing about going away, and entered heartily into the farmer's plans for warning Kilgrew and for beginning an immediate search for the missing man. It was agreed that the young engineer should try to trace Thorndyke from Glencoe or Allacoochee while Duncan made a journey to the Pockett; and when the farmer had departed on his errand, Protheroe turned back to the house for a final word with Elsie.

She was alone in the sitting-room when he entered, standing at the window which looked out upon the road. He saw that she had been crying, and he went to her quickly and took her hand in both of his.

"Can I say anything to comfort you before I go?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"What is it, Elsie? does it mean more

to you than the possible danger of a friend?"

"Yes, much more." The frankness of her reply staggered him. "It was I who sent him into the danger. He—he said I was responsible."

Protheroe never knew the strength of his love until that moment, but the gentler emotion was mingled with a dash of contemptuous anger for the man who could be so pusillanimous as to lay the burden of his responsibilities upon the tender conscience of a young girl, and his resentment spoke before he could nuzzle it.

"That was ungenerous," he said.

She turned away to the window again, and her voice was unsteady when she answered him. "You mustn't say that; you don't understand; he was very unhappy and discouraged when he said it."

Protheroe told himself that his conclusions were verified in many words, and yet he had to grapple fiercely with the spirit of lawlessness prompting him to apostatize once for all by telling her that she was more to him than she could ever be to Thorndyke, or to anyone else. When he could trust himself to speak he said, quietly: "Don't grieve; we'll find him all right; I'll find him and bring him back to you."

He meant to go when he had said it, and he might have kept his resolution if she had not looked up into his face with her eyes full of trouble. "Please don't!"—she began, but the ungovernable impulse slipped the leash, and for a moment Protheroe put the cup of passion to his lips and drank deeply, taking her in his arms and covering the burning cheeks with his kisses.

Then a sudden sense of the enormity of his transgression overhauled him, and, releasing her, he ran from the house and flung himself into the saddle to gallop away toward Allacoochee with the ruins of a shattered ideal pecking him at every bound of the horse.

For two whole days, shame kept the young engineer from returning to the farmhouse on the Little Chippewa, but the urging of the same wholesome emotion made him tireless in his efforts to find Thorndyke. He accepted his own theory of kidnapping, and, after learning from the hotel-keeper at Glencoe that Philip had set out to ride

to Allacoochee, and that the horse had returned riderless the following day, he was confirmed in the belief that the young attorney had been waylaid and carried off to some isolated cabin on the plateau. Acting upon this conclusion, he began a systematic search on the mountains; and since his occupation had made him familiar with every spur and ravine within ten miles of Allacoochee, it would have been singular if he had failed to discover Thorndyke's asylum. It was late in the afternoon of the second day, however, when Philip heard the welcome sound of approaching hoof-beats, and his satisfaction was not lessened when he found that the rider was Protheroe. He laughed when he hobbled to the door and saw the engineer coming up with a Winchester held at the ready.

"You needn't be alarmed," he called out; "I don't want to fight, and I can't run."

Protheroe was mystified, but the bandaged ankle was held up in evidence. "Then you're not a prisoner, after all?" he said.

"Oh, yes, I am—very much so; but not by the ill will of my good friends here. All I need is an ambulance, or the loan of a gentle horse."

"We were afraid you'd been kidnapped," said Protheroe, and, seeing Philip's look of inquiry, he added: "I'm in the secret; Duncan has told me all about it."

"But I don't understand yet. I wrote Duncan two days ago and sent the letter by your care. Didn't he get it?"

A sudden light broke in upon Protheroe. "Two days ago? That was Wednesday. How did you send it?"

"By messenger to you at Allacoochee."

"Duncan didn't get it, and I never heard of it. It probably fell into the hands of the enemy. Sharpless went to Duncan Wednesday afternoon with a story about your having gone to New York; and ever since, he's been turning heaven and earth over to find Kilgrew."

"Insuccessfully, I hope?"

"Up to date, yes; and I think there's no chance for him. Duncan warned the old man at once."

"Good! everything's all right yet. By Jove! old man, I've been having a horrible time cooped up here when there's so much at stake and every day is precious."

Protheroe smiled. "I can imagine; but you needn't worry. Allacoochee hasn't run away yet, and so far as I know, the company is still solvent. Are you ready to go back to civilization?"

"Indeed I am, if you'll tell me how to do it."

"Nothing easier: you can ride my horse, and I'll walk."

When Philip had taken leave of his entertainers, and had narrowly missed a quarrel with the Bedouin in the effort to make him take payment for his hospitality, he was helped into the saddle.

"You want to go to Allacoochee, I suppose," Protheroe said.

"I'd rather go to Duncan's, if we can get there."

Protheroe's heart misgave him, but he answered unhesitatingly: "It can be done, and they were soon out of sight of the cabin in the windings of a trail leading diagonally across the plateau."

For some miles they pushed on in such silence as the narrowness of the path made compulsory, but when the trail broadened into a wood road, Protheroe dropped back beside the horse and they began to speak of the missing letter. The talk reminded the engineer that he still had Thorndyke's mail in his pocket, and he passed it up and consideredly went on ahead again while Philip read the letters. There was one from Helen, and, yielding to something like a suggestion of moral cowardice, Philip left it until the last. When he opened it, he saw that it had been written on the same day as that about the marriage portion, and the first words proved that it was an after-thought.

"I have just mailed one letter to you," she wrote, "and it was hardly out of my hands before I began to be sorry that I had sent it. As I remember it now, I was all about the money, and I ought to have known that you would do what was just and right without any urging from me. What I want to say now is what I should have said then: that I

cannot endure this separation much longer—that the love which I have tried so hard to keep out of my letters for fear I should make you come back to your hurt refuses to be hidden under meaningless and commonplace phrases.

"Oh, Philip, if you love me, please don't let this misfortune raise any barrier between us! You know what Aunt Bellam left me—you know that it is mine in my own right, and I entreat you not to turn my gratitude into misery by refusing to share this money with me. But you will not, I know you will not; and if we had nothing else, we should still have each other, and what more could we ask?"

"In some respects, I know you better than you know yourself; and I know that if you can have your health you will yet win a place among those who have fought their way into the foremost rank. Be good to me, Philip, dear, and let me share the battle and the triumph with you. Come back to us if you are well enough, and if you are not, please let me come to you."

Protheroe heard something between a groan and an imprecation, and he stopped and waited for Philip to come up. "Did you say anything?" he asked.

"Nothing worth repeating; I think I was tempted to swear a little at the crookedness of things in general. I wish that cursed horse that threw me had broken his neck or mine, or both."

"Does your ankle hurt?"

"Everything hurts."

Protheroe did not attempt to drive the conversational nail any further. He was preoccupied with his own concerns, and he had been trying to determine what he should do when he reached Duncan's: Would his part in the affair be ended when he had seen Thorndyke safe in the house of his friends, or would he be expected to help his friend in the fight with the company?

"How would Elsie receive him after his law transgression? How could he endure to meet her in the presence of the man she loved?"

They were, troublesome questions, but the engineer's perplexities were as serenely itself compared with the tumult of conflicting emotions which had slain the peace of mind of his companion. Before he had read three lines of Helen's letter, Thorndyke was sick-

ing into the ether depths of self-annihilation; and when he had finished it he felt that it would be a comfort if he could get down into the road and stroke his head. This was the love impulse born of a sick man's frustration; the fine gold that he had tossed contemptuously into a melting-pot heated by the remainder of the simile was drowned in a submerging wave of self-contempt. And now, at this present moment, when he was cursing his reckless inconstancy, and wishing from the bottom of his heart that he had had the decency to die quietly in the odor of good faith, she had his letter and she had learned at his own hands upon what a broken reed her love had been leaning.

After the storm came the calm of desperation. He had wrecked Helen's life and his own, and Elsie's happiness trembled in the balance. He could at least save Duncan's daughter, and in the riot of distracting thoughts this was the only one that offered a grain of comfort. He would expiate his folly by devoting himself, body and soul, to the task of making Elsie as happy as she deserved to be. And he would speak to her as soon as he could find the opportunity—before he had the time to sink still deeper in the mire of sickness, he told himself, bitterly.

By the time Thorndyke had reached this conclusion, Protheroe was leading the horse down the trail on the Little Chippewa side of the mountain, and an hour after dark the small procession stopped at Duncan's gate.

"You're heavier than you used to be; I don't think you're going to die of consumption," said Protheroe, remembering another time when he had helped Philip dismount at the farmer's gate.

"No; more's the pity," rejoined Philip, ungraciously. "It would be better on all accounts if I should."

(To be continued.)

Have you the necessary pluck to invest \$2.00 in five Herald postal cards, which will bring you back \$2.50? Will you back your Socialistic principles to this extent?

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER!

NOTHING LIKE IT ANYWHERE IN AMERICA.

Good Only on Picnic Day, July 19th, 1903, at Picnic Grounds Schlitz Park, Milwaukee.

The Social Democratic Herald wants to help make the Picnic the most memorable event in the history of the Social Democratic Party of Wisconsin. It wants to do its share of the grand work for Socialism. It wants to help disseminate Socialist literature. To do so it makes the following astonishing offer:

Three Yearly Postal Subscription Cards and Two of these Fifty Cent Cloth Bound Books:

Karl Marx. Biographical Memoirs.—By Wilhelm Liebknecht.
Collectivism and Industrial Evolution.—By Emil Vandervelde.
The American Farmer.—By A. M. Simons.
The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State.—By Frederick Engels.
The Social Revolution.—By Karl Kautsky.
Socialism Utopian and Scientific.—By Frederick Engels.
Feuerbach: The Roots of the Socialist Philosophy.—By Frederick Engels.

A \$2.50 VALUE FOR \$1.50.

Buy the Subscription Cards, sell them and you get the Books FREE OF CHARGE.

Why Not Come Up and Inspect our Line of Baby Buggies & Go-Carts?



If you are in need of a carriage there is only one logical place to go to. You may not know it—others have found this out long ago—and if you ask them they will tell you. The reason is plain, we manufacture and sell direct—the jobber's and retailer's profit all go to you. In many cases you save over 25 percent—but 25 percent always. Repairing—we do that, too.

E. F. PAHL & CO.

1032 THIRD ST., near Center. Phone North 3574.

MY PRICE CONSULTATION FREE!

I give the best service of a Specialist for the lowest fee.

MEN
VARICOCELE
I cure without operation. No danger. No cutting. All effects disappear.
STRICTURE
Cured in 5 to 10 days.
NERVOUS DEBILITY
Cured for life in 30 to 90 days.



CONSULTATION FREE.

WOMEN
FALLING WOMB.
Backache, Bloating, Leucorrhoea (Whiteness), Menstrual Pain, Nervousness.
CANCERS AND TUMORS
Removed by the new Light Treatment and the Copenhagen Method. No cutting, no dangerous, painful drawing plaster.

Curing the Deaf in Milwaukee

Now Hears a Watch Tick.
After the second treatment of the Leipzig Doctor's new treatment for deafness, I am now 41 years old. I had very hard hearing for a year. I wish the doctors every success.
HENRY ALBERTSON.
National Soldiers' Home.

Was Deaf 35 Years.
I lost my hearing when I was 6 years old. I had very hard hearing for a year. I wish the doctors every success.
ALBERT SCHULTZ.
National Soldiers' Home.

WE CURE CATARRH, Sore Eyes, Deafness, Lung Trouble, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Diseases. Women, come to us and avoid dangerous operations; an exposure. CONSULTATION FREE TO ALL.

LEIPSIK DOCTORS
OF THE LEIPSIK MEDICAL CO.
ROOMS 41-42-43 MERRILL BUILDING.
Entrance 211 GRAND AVE., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fabian Essays in Socialism

Essays by G. Bernard Shaw, Sydney Olivier, Sidney Webb, Wm. Clarke, Hubert Bland, Graham Wallas

American Edition, with Introduction and Notes by H. G. Wiltshire

PRESS NOTICES

The whole book deserves reading as a thoughtful and interesting contribution to current discussions.—Pall Mall Gazette.

We attach great importance to this collection of essays as a fair and competent representation of the Socialist case.—Co-operative News.

We think every minister of religion, and every intelligent, earnest Christian ought to read and ponder this most important and fascinating volume.—The Methodist Times.

The writers of the "Fabian Essays in Socialism" have produced a volume which ought to be read by all who wish to understand the movements of the time.—Daily News.

By far the best account of the basis of Socialism yet published in England, and by their temperate and "evolutionary" spirit cannot fail to be of great service in dispelling much misunderstanding of current Socialism.—The Academy.

After a careful and conscientious perusal one is compelled to admit that they are written with conspicuous ability and sagacity from the Socialist point of view, and that they must mark a departure as notable in social politics as the famous Essays and Reviews were in theology.—The Scots Observer.

Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 75 cents

TWENTIETH CENTURY PRESS
17 East 16th Street, NEW YORK

CAPITAL AND LABOR

BY A BLACK-LISTED 'MACHINIST'

This is the book that makes socialists. Clear and scientific, but simple and easy reading. Put it into the hands of a workman and it will do the rest. Two hundred pages, beautifully printed and bound, with the Socialist Party emblem in three colors on the cover. Sells for 25 cents, and sells fast wherever it is offered to a crowd of laborers.

We want you to sell this book, and here is a special offer to induce you to start in now instead of waiting. For one dollar, if sent at once, we will mail you a copy of CAPITAL AND LABOR to one address, and will send the PERSUASIVE SOCIALIST REVIEW one year in a new name. You know what the REVIEW is unless you are very new in the socialist movement. It is the one periodical that the thinking men in the Socialist Party feel obliged to read in order to keep in touch with the best thought of socialism. A. M. Simons is the editor, and the ablest socialists of Europe and America are the contributors. The price of the REVIEW alone is a dollar a year; single copies 10c each. Write now. Address: CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, 36 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

THE LATEST, BEST AND MOST COMPLETE WORK OF ITS KIND.

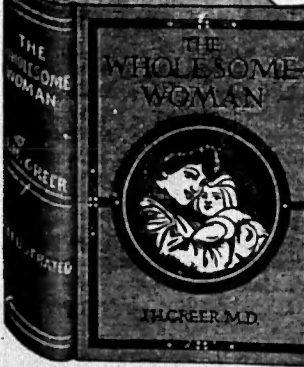
The Wholesome Woman,

A Home Book for Maidens, Wives and Mothers.

BY J. H. GREER, M. D.

FOUR BOOKS IN 1 VOLUME.

- I. SEX AND LIFE.
The Mystery of Nature and the Glory of Creation.
- II. TOKOLOGY.
Physiology and Hygiene of the Sexual Organization. The Woman's Book of Health and Beauty.
- III. CHILD-CULTURE.
Education and Character-Building. The Kindergarten and Manual Training.
- IV. HEALTH AND HYGIENE.
Practical Lessons from a Common-Sense School of Medical Science. The Prevention and Cure of Disease by Natural Remedies.



IT TEACHES:

That poisons are not remedies.
That symptoms and pains are not the disease, but only the messengers bringing warning of the disease to the brain; that to silence the messengers and leave the disease unchecked is folly.

That prevention is better than cure; that the great elements of prevention are: knowledge of self; cleanliness, physical as well as moral and mental; hygiene and sanitation.

That mind and thought have their influence on bodily health no less than physical and material conditions. A healthy body needs a healthy mind, and a healthy mind makes a healthy body.

Dr. Greer's book treats of all the topics and theories connected with the health of mind and body. "Investigate all things; hold on to that which is good," is the author's motto. Follow the teachings of wise Mother Nature.

The chapters on Child-culture and Education are sure to have a beneficent effect on the well-being of future generations, and the earnest warnings against unnecessary surgical operations add not a little to the value of a volume which can work only good to those who follow its teachings.

This is one of our best Premiums and will be delivered to any address for \$1.00 or given free and delivered anywhere in the United States, Canada or Mexico for five yearly subscriptions at regular price.

Regular Publisher's Price \$2.50.

Social Democratic Herald,
644 State Street, Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.



In the early days of Blatz brewing the height of beer perfection was aimed at and achieved. To maintain this standard—to brew that self-same good beer without variation in flavor or quality—became a fixed Blatz ambition. Every detail from selection of hops and barley to the filling of the bottles is a Blatz science.—Always the Same Good Old Blatz.

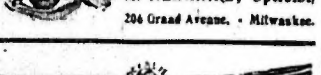
VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Telephone 2400 Main.

BLATZ MALT-VIVINE

Non-Intoxicant—For Tonic Purposes.

We prescribe and make glasses for the sight.

A. REINHARD, Optician,
204 Grand Avenue, Milwaukee.

THE COMRADE

Is the finest illustrated Socialist magazine in the country. It is twenty-four large pages of beautiful illustrations, stories, articles, cartoons, and original articles, making it the most beautiful, interesting and instructive Socialist publication. The series "How I Became a Socialist," written by Eugene V. Debs, John P. J. O'Connell, Walter E. Williams, A. M. Simons, Frederick O. MacCartney, Eugene V. Debs, Ernest Unterman, John Chase, Geo. D. Herron, Jack London, May Wood Simons, and many others, alone are worth the subscription price.

Published monthly, \$1.00 a year, 16 cents a copy. OUR THIRTY DAYS PREMIUM OFFER: Send us now \$1.00 for a fifteen months subscription to THE COMRADE, and two beautiful, large picture, color illustrations, entitled "The Dawn of the Social Revolution," "The Dawn of the Social Revolution," and "The Dawn of the Social Revolution." These pictures are made from the original, and have a rare, artistic effect. No Socialist can get a more appropriate wall decoration for his home or club room. To get these premiums, please mention this paper.

THE COMRADE PUBLISHING CO., 11 Cooper Square, N. Y.

DRINK

Schlitz

The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous

The main difference between good beer and bad beer is in the after-effect. You notice that pure beer, Schlitz beer, does not make you bilious. Pure beer is good for you; bad beer is unhealthy. You may be absolutely certain of its healthfulness when you drink Schlitz Beer.

B. PECK & SON
WHOLESALE MEAT DEALERS
Phone North 182 833 18th St.

The Herald, 10 Weeks, 10 Cts.

Social Democratic Herald,
614 State Street,
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

Social Democratic Herald

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

Milwaukee Social Democratic Publishing Co.

Directors: E. H. Thomas, Pres.; Victor L. Berger, Vice-Pres.; Edmund T. Meims, Secy. and Treas.; Seymour Steidman, John Doerfler, Sr., Theo. Burmeister, Eugene H. Roemer, Jacob Winnen.

FREDERIC HEATH.

EDITOR.

Official Paper of the Federated Trades Council of Milwaukee and of the Wisconsin State Federation of Labor.

Entered at Milwaukee Post-office as Second-class Matter, Aug. 20, 1901.



What International Socialism Demands:

1. Collective ownership of public utilities and all industries in the hands of Trusts and Combinations.
2. Democratic management of such collective industry.
3. Reduction of the hours of labor and progressively increased remuneration.
4. State and National Insurance for the workers and honorable rest for old age.
5. The inauguration of public industries to safeguard the workers against lack of employment.
6. Education of ALL children up to the age of 18 years. No child labor.
7. Equal political and civil rights for men and women.

If you believe in the above vote with the Social Democrats.

The Church and the Money-Bags.

Here is something more than a mere coincidence: The National Economic League, an organization of capitalists banded together to oppose the spread of Social Democracy in this country, prints in its propaganda booklet an article by Caroline Fairfield Corbin, on Socialism opposed to the Home. At the same time the Catholic Truth Society puts out a tract on Woman under Socialism, also written by this same woman and filled with the same vilification of the Socialists and their purposes.

This Mrs. Corbin is president of the Society for the Prevention of Woman Suffrage, a paper organization, which seeks to keep woman in her place as a household drudge and a mere property of the man she is wedded to. It is an organization prompted by the spirit of the Dark Ages. Mrs. Corbin lives in Chicago and was recently made a public laughing stock of, by a woman writer, who visited her home and told what a slovenly housekeeper she was. Evidently she wants to keep other women harnessed to domestic slavery, but prefers for her own part, to spend her time in public work.

Mrs. Corbin says: "Our government was built upon the foundation of equal rights to all before the law." But her caliber may be seen from the fact that she does not consider women quite human enough to participate in those governmental rights. She wants women to be governed without a voice in the matter. Similarly, along with the capitalists and the church, she wants the exploitation, the plundering of the wage workers to go on, so that there may be a rich class and a poor class.

The fact that both the capitalists and the church have taken her up at the same time means simply that the trail of the capitalistic servant is over the church and that it is in league with the fellows who are getting rotten rich by the legal confiscation of the products of the workers, under what is known as the competitive wage system.

LABOR IS A WARE IN THE MARKET. THE PRICE OF LABOR POWER IS GOVERNED ACCORDINGLY. UNDER THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM THERE ARE ALWAYS MORE WORKERS THAN JOBS. HENCE THE WORKERS MUST UNDERBID EACH OTHER TO GET WORK. THE RATE OF WAGES IS ALWAYS PRETTY WELL DOWN TOWARD THE MERE LIVING POINT FOR THIS REASON, AND CAPITAL GETS RICHER AND RICHER AND LABOR STAYS POOR. THIS SORT OF INJUSTICE THE CAPITALISTS BELIEVE IN—WHY SHOULDN'T THEY? AND THE CHURCH IS TAKING SIDES WITH THEM AND AGAINST THE INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE!

This is the charge the Socialists make against the church. It is for the church to show that the charge is not based on truth. It can not crawl out by trying to make it appear that we are fighting religion. The church, if it hopes to still retain the confidence of the masses must face the charge squarely and without crafty subterfuge. The people have their eyes open. They want to know!

As to Mrs. Corbin and her filthy insinuations against the Socialists we hardly feel called on to reply. Only a woman of filthy mind could persist in her slanders when all the evidences go to disprove them. The Socialists boldly declare that it is capitalism that is against the home. That it cares nothing for its sanctity. That it drags little children away from their homes and puts them amidst demoralizing factory conditions. That it forces women into wage earning and in many factory localities obliges the men, who have been forced out of their jobs, to do the housework, take care of the babies and bring the noon hour lunch to the factory gates for the wife and children who have the jobs. That it forces up the price of living and lowers wages so that men cannot afford to marry and undertake to rear families. That it forces many working women into prostitution by paying wages they cannot live on. That it produces slums in every large city and causes people to live several families in one room, thus making modesty an impossibility. That it so divides the classes of workers that some industrial towns are frequently referred to as "he towns" and "she towns"—some of the cotton mill towns of New England, for instance, being made up principally of female employees. That it breaks up homes through mortgage foreclosures, and through the arbitrary removal of large factories from one place to another, thus rendering almost valueless the little properties that some of the workers have been cheating their bodies and stomachs to acquire. That it—but why go on? The indictment of capitalism as the foe of morality and the family life is so plain that it is hard to think of a defense being set up.

Both of Mrs. Corbin's articles referred to above are filled with untruth, distorted utterances of Socialists used to bolster up her foul insinuations, and slanders of people now dead, and hence unable to defend themselves—notably Eleanor Marx. Mrs. Corbin is certainly a low-minded woman.

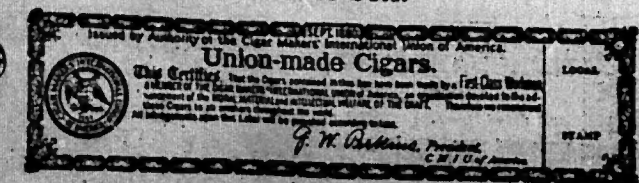
It is idle to charge the result of the elections in Germany to a fleeting spasm of popular displeasure concerning some special question of governmental policy as some of the papers have done. It is Atlantic—Durango (Col.) Trade Journal as well be recognized once and for all that here is a new political force that will augment as the years roll on and that is already making itself felt here in America as well as beyond the Atlantic—Durango (Col.) Trade Journal.

Demand this Label on all Packages of Beer, Ale or Porter.



Demand this Label on all Packages of Beer, Ale or Porter.

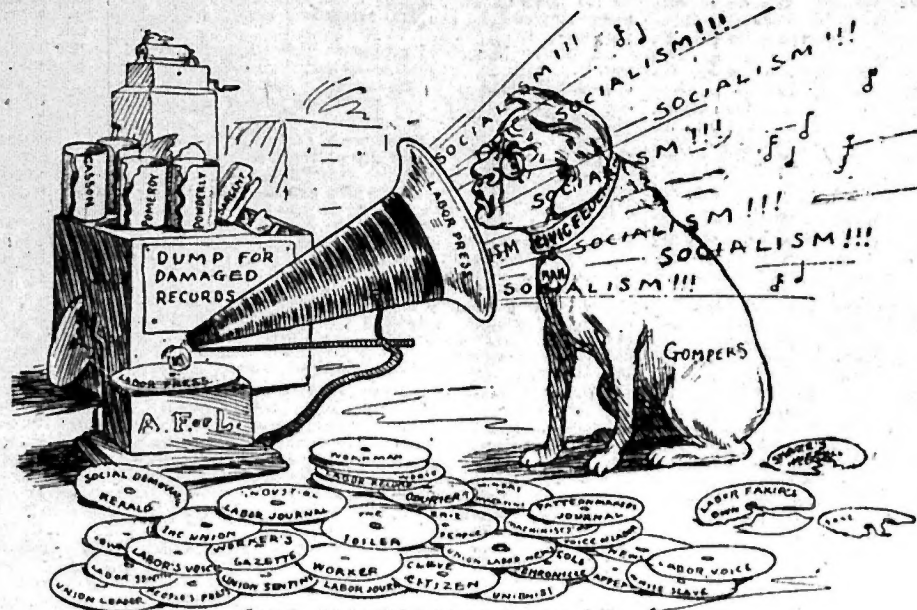
When purchasing cigars see that this label is on the box.



It is a guarantee that the cigars are not made by the trust.

"His Masters' Voice"—Will He Heed It?

Or is the Hanna-Civic Federation Influence Greater Than the Cry of the Great Working Class.



(Suggested by Nat'l Committeeman Kerrigan of Texas, with apologies to the Victor Phonograph Co.)

They Demand the Full Fruits of Their Labor, Which Means the Downfall of Capitalism.

Thus far President Gompers has been conducting the American Federation of Labor on paternalistic lines, AS THOUGH IT WERE HIS PRIVATE PROPERTY. He is getting the applause of the capitalist papers, but how long can he retain the confidence of the rank and file of the unions? THEY ARE DEMANDING THE USE OF THE GREATEST WEAPON OF ALL, THE BALLOT, through the Labor Press.

Hardly a daily or weekly newspaper comes to this office that does not mention organizations of capitalists formed here and there to oppose or destroy trade unions.

The employers are displaying tenfold more activity to organize and are in every way more definite and aggressive than before the New Orleans convention of the National Association of Manufacturers.

And yet with all these facts staring him in the face from the newspapers, Senator Hanna has the audacity to claim that Parry does not represent the capitalists, and this peculiar "friend of labor" would hypnotize workmen into a sound, sweet sleep with pretty phrases and meaningless generalizations!—Cleveland Citizen.

The election results in Germany are the direct outcome of organization, which enabled the Socialists to take advantage of the prevailing industrial

conditions and the blunders and injustice of the administration. This is an example that can well be followed by the Socialists of the United States.—Seattle Socialist.

Bryan, in a long article against Cleveland's candidacy, says: "The Democratic party must now choose between the people and the representatives of organized greed."

Mr. Bryan imagines the Democratic party, as represented by himself, stands for "the people." He does not know the people, he has departed from the middle class, which he represents. The working class is now "the people" and the Socialist party is its representative. Cleveland stands for Big Plutocracy, Bryan for Little Plutocracy, the Socialists for No Plutocracy.—Sheboygan Volksblatt.

The Truth Hurts—The Manitowish, Wis., Daily News has a spasm over the audacity of the laboring trash in the following manner: "A little booklet, labeled 'Official Handbook or Convention Souvenir of the Eleventh Annual Convention of the

Wisconsin State Federation of Labor held at Manitowish July 14, 15 and 16 has been issued. The reading matter contained therein is a tirade against capital and judges who do not decide cases in favor of the unions. Here is a sample. 'The men who control this nation would sell it and the whole American people to any king for a cash consideration. They sell laws to the corporations to tax the people, they send blunkies to the courts of kings, they sell decisions from the bench to the highest bidder. But they love the American voting animal.'

"A people governed by laws made neither by themselves nor by any authority derived from them are slaves."—James Madison.

SOCIALIST TRIUMPH IN GERMANY
As the result of the election the Socialists have won a victory so notable as to be compared by the capitalist papers of the United States to the election of 1860. They therefore claim that socialism in Germany is something different from socialism in America, that it is merely a democratic reform movement. This is a false view. The Socialists of Germany are not a reform movement, they are a revolution. They are the only party in Germany that will abolish the capitalist system and establish a new social order. They are the only party in Germany that will give the workers a voice in the government. They are the only party in Germany that will give the workers a share in the wealth of the country. They are the only party in Germany that will give the workers a future.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC HERALD—BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Address all communications, money orders, etc., to the Milwaukee Social Democratic Publishing Co., 614 State Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Telephone Main 2304. H. W. Bismarck, Business Manager.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One year, 50 cents. In clubs of three, \$1.25. Six months, 25 cents. No papers sent to any one on credit. If, without having subscribed, you receive it, then it has been subscribed for by a friend and no bill will follow. Foreign subscriptions, \$1.00.

BUNDLE RATES.

Less than 100 copies, per copy..... 10¢
100 copies or more, per 100..... 75¢
200 copies or more, per copy..... 50¢

Weekly Bundles.

Five copies, 3 months, to one address..... \$ 5.00
Ten copies, 3 months, to one address..... 10.00
Five copies, one year, to one address..... 25.00
Ten copies, one year, to one address..... 50.00
Twenty-five copies, one year, to one address..... 125.00
Fifty copies, one year, to one address..... 250.00

Advertising rates furnished on application. We reserve the right to terminate any advertising contract without notice.

Receipts of Remittances for Subscriptions are acknowledged by the number on the wrapper. Separate receipts are never sent.

United Hatters of North America.

This is the Union Label of the United Hatters of North America.

When you are buying a FUR HAT, either soft or stiff, see to it that the Genuine Union Label is sewed in it. If a hatter has loose labels in his possession and offers to put one in a hat for you, do not patronize him. He has not any right to have loose labels. Loose labels in retail stores are counterfeit. Do not listen to any explanation as to why the hat has no label. The Genuine Union Label is perforated on three edges and the name as the postage stamp. Counterfeits are sometimes perforated on four edges exactly like the genuine label. Look for the name 'JOHN A. MOFFITT, Philadelphia, Pa.' in the center of the label. The John A. Moffitt Co. of Philadelphia, Pa., is a non-union concern.

JOHN A. MOFFITT, President, Orange, N. J. JOHN PHILLIPS, Secretary, Room 15, 11 Waverly Place, New York, N. Y.

NOW is the time to have your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired. Trade being comparatively quiet we can give our whole attention to work. Fine watch repairing our specialty; all work first-class and warranted.

L. SACHS,
THE JEWELER,
418 NATIONAL AVENUE, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

RICHARD ELSNER,
LAWYER.
OFFICE, 140 NORTH AVENUE.
Money at 4 1/2 per cent. and 4 per cent.

50 cheap properties for sale, at \$300 first payment, and easy terms.

AND. BUEHLER,
PRINTER
614-616 East Water St. Milwaukee, Wis.
Telephone White 964.

Teeth Extracted
ABSOLUTELY
Without Pain or Danger, 25c.

New Teeth, best and finest made. \$8.00
In guaranteed or money refunded.
Succedent Crowns and Bridge \$3.00
Teeth
Fine Fillings a leading specialty.
We guarantee complete satisfaction, give honest, intelligent advice free and decide nobody.

DR. YOUNG, 413-416 Germania Building.
Hours—8:30 to 6; Sunday, 9 to 12.
PHONE 8813 BLACK.

UNION MADE
Furniture, Bar and Office Fixtures, Building Material and Packing Boxes are UNION MADE when they bear the label.

DEMAND THE LABEL.

SEE THAT THIS LABEL

IS ON ALL TOBACCS

Whether Smoking, Chewing or Snuff, NONE GENUINELY UNION MADE WITHOUT IT. DEMAND THIS LABEL.

SECOND ANNUAL MONSTER PICNIC

GIVEN BY THE

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY,

TO BE HELD AT SCHLITZ PARK, MILWAUKEE, SUNDAY, JULY 19th, 1903.

EUGENE V. DEBS WILL MAKE AN ADDRESS.

\$85.00 WORTH OF PRIZES

GIVEN WITH TICKETS FOR THE

Monster S. D. P. Picnic,

SCHLITZ PARK, Milwaukee, Sunday, July 19, 1903.

A COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE with choice of 30 inch Brass Tube or 12 Records, total value of \$25.00 furnished and partly donated by Columbia Phonograph Co., 391 East Water Street, will be presented to the individual selling the greatest number of tickets for this occasion.

Besides the above there will be four prizes on the tickets themselves. Each ticket is numbered. Save your tickets, you may win one of these prizes.

FIRST PRIZE.

An EDISON STANDARD PHONOGRAPH with 24 inch Horn and Crane, Value \$25.00, furnished and partly donated by McGraw Bros., 173 Third St.

SECOND PRIZE.

A 20 YEAR GOLD FILLED WATCH, Waltham Movement, donated by A. H. Stecher, Jeweler, Third and State Streets.

THIRD PRIZE.

\$10.00 WORTH OF DENTISTRY WORK, donated by Dr. Young, 413-416 Germania Building. Winner can sell certificate if he so chooses.

FOURTH PRIZE.

A \$5.00 SILK UMBRELLA, donated by L. Sachs, the Jeweler, 418 National Avenue.

The two Talking Machines are exhibited in the windows of the KREITER PIANO COMPANY, 177-179 Third Street. The second, third and fourth prizes are exhibited at LACHENMAYER'S CLOTHING STORE, Cor. Third and State Sts.

You should see these Prizes to appreciate them.

REDUCED RAILROAD RATES FOR THE PICNIC.

A FARE AND ONE-THIRD FOR THE ROUND TRIP on all roads from all points in Wisconsin where the going rate to Milwaukee is \$3.00 or less, has been secured for the

Monster Picnic of the Social Democratic Party of Wisconsin, to be held at Schlitz Park, Sunday, July 19th, 1903.

Tickets will be sold on July 18th and 19th, good to return leaving Milwaukee until and including July 20th, 1903. Tickets limited for going passage commencing date of sale and for continuous passage in each direction.

CONCERT, GAMES AND BALL IN THE EVENING.

ADMISSION 10 CENTS, TO BALL 25 CENTS.

DON'T MISS EUGENE V. DEBS' GREAT ADDRESS!

Not a single reader should fail to attend. It will be a memorable demonstration -- one which you will be proud of having attended your life-long. Hundreds of Comrades from every part of Wisconsin are coming. And why not? It is run for the benefit of the Social Democratic Herald and the State Campaign Fund. It is not a local but a State Picnic. Part of the proceeds will go to meet the State Campaign debt of the last election. By the way, that reminds us of the tickets sent you. Have you paid for yours? Many Comrades have. Why not do your duty and sent in the money now, even if you haven't sold all the tickets. Let every one give the Monster a boost.

Cor. Lincoln Ave. and Clifton St.
'Pearl South Hill.